

Rev. J. M. Keen.

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**At The Beautiful Gate.**  
Lord, open the door, for I falter,  
I faint in this stifled air,  
In dust and straits I lose my breath;  
This life of self is a living death:  
Let me in to Thy pastures broad and fair,  
To the sun and the wind from Thy mountain free!  
Lord, open the door to me!  
There is a holier life and truer  
Than ever my heart has found,  
There is a nobler work than is wrought within  
These walls so charmed by the fire of sin,  
Where I toil like a captive blind and bound:  
An open door to a freer task  
In Thy nearer smile, I ask.  
Yet the world is Thy field, Thy garden:  
On earth art Thou still at home.  
When Thou bendest hither Thy hallowing Eye  
My narrow work-room seems vast and high,  
Its dingy ceiling a rainbow-dome.  
Stand ever thus at my wide-winged door,  
And toll will be toll no more!  
Through the rose portals of morning  
New the tides of sunshine flow,  
O'er the blossoming earth and the glistening sea  
The praise Thou inspirest rolls back to Thee:  
Its tones, through the infinite arches go;  
Yet, crippled and dumb, behold me wait,  
Dear Lord, at the Beautiful Gate.  
I wait for Thy hand of healing—  
For vigor and hope in Thee.  
Open wide the door,—let me feel the sun,—  
Let me touch Thy robe! I shall rise and run  
Through Thy happy universe, safe and free,  
Where in and out Thy beloved go.  
Nor want nor wandering know.  
Thyself art the Door, Most Holy!  
By Thee let me enter in!  
I press toward Thee with my failing strength;  
Unfold Thy love in its breadth and length:  
True life from Thee let my spirit win!  
To the saint's fair City, the Father's Throne,  
Thou, Lord, art the way alone.  
From the depths of unseen glory  
Now I feel the flooding light.  
O rare sweet winds from Thy hills that blow!  
O River so calm in its crystal flow!  
O Love uncalm, the depth, the height!  
What joy wilt Thou not unto me impart  
When Thou shalt enlarge my heart!  
To be joined unto Thee one spirit  
Is the boon that I linger ask.  
To have no bar 'twixt my soul and Thine,—  
My thoughts to echo Thy will divine,—  
Myself Thy servant, for any task,  
Life! life! I may enter, through Thee, the Door,  
Saved, sheltered forevermore!

**THE ECHO AT PISA.** I once heard a traveler speak of a visit to the baptistry at Pisa, at whose font there is so remarkable an echo. The baptistry, it is known, is a rotunda of most magnificent proportions, with a dome almost sublime in its expanse and elevation. The guide stood near the font and sang a few notes. His voice was not remarkably melodious; but lo! upward it rises, and from the dome comes back to us in tones of inexpressible sweetness. A pause,—and again, farther upward, are heard the notes, finer, fainter, sweeter; transfixing one to the spot, and making it easy to imagine some angel had caught these imperfect notes of human utterance, and imparted to them his own celestial sweetness and pathos, causing us to hear a melody which never belonged to them while in this lower region.  
Does not this afford a faint illustration of what may be, when, thro' the divine Mediator, our imperfect praises are made acceptable to the ear of Him who is worshipped by angels? Borne upward by our great Intercessor, they lose the imperfections which belong to earth; for he imparteth to them his own unutterable sweetness, and they become identical with heavenly harmonies.

**THE NEW BANKRUPT LAW.** The bankrupt bill just passed by Congress makes some important changes. A voluntary bankrupt may be discharged upon the payment of thirty per cent. of his indebtedness. In cases of involuntary bankruptcy, the period of four months mentioned in the thirty-fifth section of the original law is changed to two months, but such provisions not to go into effect until two months after the passage of the act. So, also, the period of six months, mentioned in the same section of the original act, is changed to three, but not to take effect until three months after the passage of the act. Any banker, broker, merchant, tradesman, manufacturer or miner who has stopped or suspended, and resumed payment of his commercial paper, shall not be deemed bankrupt until the lapse of forty days after such suspension. Allowance for service is reduced to one-half the rates hitherto allowed, except for actual and necessary disbursements made. Justices of the Supreme Courts are required to make new rules and empowered to consolidate the duties of register, assignee, marshal and clerk, and to reduce the cost of charges, to the end that prolixity, delay and unnecessary expense may be avoided.

## A STAMPEDE IN 1524.

"And you'll no' give me one good word, Elsie? You'll not even speak to me!"  
The questioner was a tall, handsome man, though somewhat worn-looking, and decidedly shamed-faced. The person addressed was a winsome lassie of some seventeen years, who had come to the well-head, where a small stream of pure water trickled through a rude spout inserted in a crevice of the rock. Elsie had put down her pitcher and was waiting for it to fill, leaning meanwhile with both arms on the rude stone wall which protected the coachmen of the cattle, and looking every where but at the speaker. "You'll no' even look at me!" repeated Duncan Scott, wistfully, "and this perhaps the last time we'll ever meet by the well-side, where we have spent so many happy hours. Won't you just speak to me, Elsie?"  
"That will I no'!" answered Elsie, turning on him with womanly indignation and more than womanly inconsistency. "That will I no', Duncan Scott! I wonder you dare so much as look at me after what you said, and what you evened me to the last time we met here. I think it a shame that ever I cared for the likes of you."  
To judge from his face, Duncan seemed to find comfort even in these sharp words. "But, Elsie, woman—"  
"I'll hear nothing Duncan—not a word!" interrupted Elsie, her blue eyes flashing fire at the remembrance of her wrongs. "I'll never wed a jealous-pated fool. And jealous of whom?" she asked in a tone of the utmost scorn. "Of my own foster-brother that was nursed at the breast of my mother! I wonder you did na' think of Habbie, or poor witless Michael in the ingle nook."  
"But, Elsie, would you but listen—"  
"No, I'll no' listen. For what sould I listen?"  
"But you might tell me how it was, Elsie? You might say a word to explain what you were doing with young Ferniehurst so late at e'er?"  
Again Elsie turned on him.  
"Explain?—and what for sould I explain, or what right have you to think explanation needed? Is not Ferniehurst my own foster-brother, as I told you, and as you knew well enough? And is not that the same as mine own brother, and more? But I will explain," said the poor girl, forcing back the tears which were too ready to run over: "Ferniehurst loves bonny Mary, Har-den's daughter, that's away in Edinburgh with her aunt for safety; and knowing me to be an old friend and playmate of the young lady's, he gave me a letter and token of her, against her coming home, knowing that no man's life is safe for a day, with the English camped here in our very midst. So there ye have the tale, and much good may it do you. No, no! You needn't try to come round me that gate, Duncan!" she added, in a firm but scornful tone, withdrawing the hand that Duncan would have taken. "All's over between us. I have borne much ere this from your jealous humor, but I'll bary no more. I'll have naught to say to any man who can call me what you called me that night. Go your ways—with whom you will. I wish you na' ill, but all the good in the world; but you are no more aught to me nor I to you! Fare ye well!"  
So saying, Elsie took up her pitcher, which had been for some time brimming over, and walked down the path, without so much as casting a look behind. Duncan seemed to feel that his cause was hopeless, for he followed sorrowfully enough, and did not even attempt to speak again.  
Tweeddale, in Scotland, at no time before the eighteenth century a very safe or quiet place of residence, was peculiarly unhappy in the year 1524. The English army, under Surry, was encamped near Jedburgh, which place the Admiral so sorely burned and wasted that no garrison nor none other should be lodged there. From their camps the English made forays and incursions on all sides, burning, wasting and plundering all that came in their way. The Scots, "even their

enemies themselves being judges," made a brave resistance, and according to Surry's own account they gave their invaders plenty of work, and "kept them in so perpetual skirmish" as the Lord Admiral "never saw the like." The little farm—if farm it could be called—of Craigend, had hitherto escaped the spoilers. It lay thoroughly sheltered from notice in a nook of the hills, where the steep braes, receding from a small and rapid stream, left room for a meadow or level space of some sixty acres in extent. At the upper end of this tract of fertile land, stood the peal or tower of Craigend, a rude building of rough stone, three stories in height, surrounded by a wall of out-buildings, the latter constructed chiefly of mud and turf, and serving as a shelter for the cattle at night. Not far from the tower, the stream tumbled over a precipice in a considerable cascade, and after winding from side to side of the valley, it issued at the lower end through a pass so narrow, intricate and precipitous, that five resolute men might easily hold it against a hundred. The holder of this little fortalice was Harlibert Scott, or Harlibert of Craigend, a retainer of the laird of Ferniehurst, who in his turn owed feudal service to the lord of Buccleugh. Harlibert was an old man, unable to bear arms, but his two sons, Ambrose and David, were with there lord, helping to garrison the stronghold of Ferniehurst, which lay but a few miles distant across the hills.  
Duncan Scott was Elsie's cousin, and her betrothed lover. This was by no means their first quarrel, for Duncan was jealous and Elsie was proud, but never had matters gone so far between them as now. Never had Elsie shown herself so implacable. Her anger was not wholly unreasonable, for Duncan had done her previous wrong. He had seen his betrothed in earnest conversation with the laird of Ferniehurst for an hour together in the gloaming. He had not been able to overhear their words as they paced the burn-side, but he had seen Ferniehurst put into her hands something made of gold which glittered brightly in the moonlight—of that he was certain—and then sped away, while Elsie put the love-token in her bosom and took the path to their old trysting-place by the well as if nothing had happened.  
"Aye, so!" thought Duncan; "she thinks to meet me there, and to beguile me with her fine words while she has Ferniehurst's love-token resting on her very heart. But she shall hear my mind on it ere we part."  
And so it came to pass that when Elsie, in the innocence of her heart, came gayly forward to meet her lover, she was assailed by a torrent of accusation and reproaches. Elsie answered him coldly and sternly, with a face that gleamed white as marble in the moonlight:  
"Duncan Scott, ye have dared to lightly me—me, Halbert of Craigend's daughter—on whose fair fame no man nor woman ever breathed before. And wherefore? Because you saw me in talk with my foster-brother, as near of kin to me as mine own born brother. If I were to tell my father or my brothers, or Ferniehurst himself what you have said, no hole in Craigburn moss would be deep enough to hide you from their wrath. But I wish you no ill. You may go your own gate and keep your own counsel, but never dare, by day or by night, to speak to me again." With that she drew from her finger her betrothal ring, and throwing it on the ground at his feet, she passed from him like a shadow and was gone.  
This quarrel had taken place a week since, and not once had Duncan found a chance to speak to Elsie alone. This evening, however, believing him to be still at work in the harvest-field, she had ventured once more to the well for water, and here Duncan had surprised her and pleaded his cause, unsuccessfully as we have heard.  
The well was hidden in a little recess of the hills, behind a great projecting crag. As Elsie turned round this crag, she uttered a vehement exclamation of surprise and terror, and casting away her pitcher with little regard for its safety, she started

ed to run down the steep path which led to the burn-side. Duncan arrived a little later, and stood for a moment rooted to the spot. A sorrowful procession had entered the valley at its lower end, and was now wending its way toward the tower. Foremost came Ambrose of Craigend, supporting on a weary and travel-worn horse, an elderly lady who seemed ready to drop from her seat. Three or four men and women followed on foot, carrying some bundles apparently snatched up in haste, and finally came David, mounted on another horse, his arm and head bound up with many a bloody stain on horse and armor. Duncan delayed not long, but descending the brae like a wild buck, he joined the party just as it passed the tower, where old Halbert, apprised of its approach, was already standing.  
"Alack and woe's me!" exclaimed the old man.  
"My dear and honored lady, has it come to this?"  
"Even as you see, my good friend," answered the lady sadly.  
"But how? But when?"  
"Dacre, with his Englishmen, came upon us at daybreak," answered the lady of Ferniehurst. "Our men fought bravely, none could do better; but the enemy was in overwhelming force. My son is a prisoner; most of our brave kinsmen and servants are slain, and there is not left one stone upon another at Ferniehurst. But for these, your brave sons, I had not been here to tell the tale, and I fear that David is wounded to death."  
"He could never die better," answered the old man, giving his hand to the lady whom Ambrose had by this time lifted from her horse. "You are most welcome, lady, to my roof, which may be safer in these times than many a lordly hall. The English will scarce win this length, and if they do, there are the caves in the hill to which we may retreat till the storm be overpast."  
All was now bustle in and around the little tower. The best accommodation the place afforded was hastily provided for the old lady of Ferniehurst and her women, while the men found a scarce rougher shelter in the barns and out-houses. A sheep was quickly killed and dressed, the hurts of the wounded were attended to, and some degree of quiet began to be restored, when Elsie, passing from the house to the cow-shed, came upon Duncan Scott bringing in with his own manly hands the full pails of milk.  
"I have sorted the cows for you, Elsie," said he humbly enough.  
"Many thanks; but you need na' fashed yourself," was the lofty answer.  
"Elsie, will nothing I can do win your forgiveness?" asked poor Duncan.  
"Aye!" answered Elsie, turning swiftly upon him. "Bring back my foster-brother to his mother's arms—my foster-brother, who was taken bravely fighting while you were hiding here, and I will forgive you."  
As soon as the words were spoken, Elsie wished them unsaid. She knew that they were cruelly unjust and unkind; that Duncan had stayed at home solely that he might help her father to secure their scanty harvest of oats. She knew that no braver man than Duncan ever came of the name of Scott. But she was too proud to take back her words, and she passed on. She returned in half an hour to see her rejected lover standing in the same place and attitude in which she had left him. She would have passed, but he laid a detaining hand on her arm.  
"Elsie!" said he, in a voice which trembled at first but grew stronger as he proceeded. "Elsie, we are now even, for if I called you an ill name, as I did to my shame, you have evened me to a coward. You bid me bring back your foster-brother. I will bring him back or never return more. Fare you well, and if you never again hear of Duncan of Eldin, think that he is dead, and that he died blessing you."  
Before she could answer, if, indeed, she had made up her mind what to say, he had kissed her forehead and was gone. The next morning Duncan was missing. A shepherd on the hills had seen him early in the morning striding down the

glen. Day after day passed, and yet he did not return.  
Surry was still encamped near Jedburgh. Dacre had just returned from his successful foray, after three or four days' absence, bringing great store of booty in sheep and cattle, and many prisoners, among them the young lord of Ferniehurst, a near kinsman of Buccleugh, and a prize of no mean value. Lord Dacre had not chosen to join his forces to those of Surry, but lay encamped on the hill-side at some little distance, the horses of his troop being together in a field close at hand, and under a proper guard. The prisoners, carefully watched, occupied a tent by themselves. Lord Dacre himself, having left every thing in perfect security, was supping with the Admiral. Thomas Timms, keeping watch over the fore-said horses, was listening to the adventures of his bosom friend boon companion, John Davis, who had been out with the marauding party, when he suddenly made the latter a signal for silence.  
"What now?" asked the latter, in a low tone.  
"Didst ever hear that the men of these parts had horns like a hart?" asked Thomas Timms, in a somewhat tremulous whisper.  
"No. What means that fool's question?"  
"Because here in the last five minutes have I seen a pair of horns raised above yon wall, and the last time there was a man's head under them—and there again! Jack, the devil is among us!"  
"More likely some Scotch spy," answered the more valiant Davis. "I will try if his devilship's hide will turn a cloth-yard shaft. Where did you see him?"  
"Over right the thorn yonder—and there—see, by the thorn yonder—and again—"  
Davis raised his bow and fitted his arrow, but before he could draw it to a head, a wild yell rose from the quarter to which his attention was directed, and three or four wild looking figures with horns and other strange disguises sprang into the inclosure. The horses, terrified by strange sight and sound, burst away in a body, and rushing headlong through the camp and down upon Surry's quarters, swept all before them in indiscriminate confusion. "The Scots!" was the cry. Arrows and guns were discharged at random, still more alarming the maddened horses, which ran through the camp overwhelming beasts and men, and finally disappearing in the darkness. It was long ere order was restored, and when things were once more quiet, a sad scene of damage and loss was displayed to the dismayed and angry eyes of the Admiral. Tents were borne down and lay "all along," arms were scattered and destroyed, heads and limbs were broken, while out of more than a thousand cavalry horses, eight hundred were wholly missing. Worst of all, the tent where the prisoners had been confined was thrown down and the prisoners were gone. Dacre's men—nay, Lord Dacre himself was ready to swear that the devil had appeared, in bodily shape, six times at least among them, and to his power—doubtless invoked by the Scots—the whole disaster was attributed. The Admiral was by no means content with this explanation, but there was nothing to be done. Both horses and men were gone beyond recovery.  
It was growing toward sunset, on the third day after the alarm lately narrated, when a young lad, who, in the scantiness of the garrison at Craigend, had been set to keep watch at the entrance of the glen, came running to the tower with the news that "three or four braw riders on great horses were coming to the stream."  
"Riders! Are ye sure, callent?" asked old Halbert, anxiously.  
"Aye, and on braw great steeds, such as the Southrons ride," answered the lad; "and I am sure that the foremost man is Duncan of Eldin himself."  
A sickening thought crossed Elsie's mind at these words. Was it possible that driven desperate by jealousy and baffled love, Duncan

had revenged himself upon her by bringing the English upon them?  
"Friend or foe, we must be ready for them," said old Halbert. "Ambrose, my son, go with three men down the stream to the point you wot of. The rest abide here with me. Elsie, get all ready, and at the word from me, have the lady away to the hill. I can not think Duncan would betray us, but these are trying times."  
Inconsistent Elsie! She, too, had thought of such treachery, but she was as angry at her father for hinting at it, as if such a notion had never crossed her mind. The women prepared all things for a hasty flight—and then Elsie went forth to the tower-head, and strained her eyes and ears to catch some intelligence. She was not left long in suspense. Loud shouts—not of onset, but of joy and triumph—assured her that it was no foe who approached. Presently she beheld her father and friends returning, with several horsemen, foremost of whom were the young lord of Ferniehurst and Duncan Scott.  
"But where got you your braw steeds?" asked the old man, when the tumult of joy and welcome had somewhat subsided.  
"Where there were plenty more," answered Duncan, laughing. "We drave the whole of Dacre's horse out through their camp, and brought off some eight hundred of the best—me and the Liddesdale lads—and Hab Elliott has them in safe-keeping where Dacre will never find them. The Southrons thought the devil was among them, sure enough, when they saw Habbie and me leap over the wall with the buck's horns on our heads. It was a desperate venture, but we carried it through, and here we are."  
Elsie was like one in a dream. Duncan had not spoken to her nor looked at her. Wishing for time to think, she took her pitcher and went once more to the holy well for water, and leaning over the wall as it filled, she wiped a few drops from her eyes.  
"He must do as he will," she murmured; "I have put myself so far in the wrong that I dare not say a word. I must even bide and see how it will turn out."  
She stooped to lift her pitcher, when a manly hand was interposed and a manly voice whispered—"Elsie I have brought home safe your foster-brother. Will you forgive me now?"  
"Tis I that needs forgiveness," replied Elsie. "I have been sorry ever since I said that you were hiding."  
"We will call quits," said Duncan smiling. "May be we have both learned a lesson which will be worth what it cost. See, here is my ring that you threw at my feet. Will you let me put it on?"  
Elsie's hand was not withdrawn, and the pitcher had time to run over, while the lovers leaned on the wall and let the twilight go.  
**ARABS PERFUMING THEMSELVES.**  
In the floor of the hut or tent, as it may chance to be, a small hole is excavated sufficiently large to contain a champagne bottle. A fire of charcoal or simply glowing embers is made within the hole, into which the woman who is about to be scented throws a handful of drugs. She then takes off the clothes or robes which form her dress, and crouches naked over the flames, while she arranges her robes to fall as a mantle from her neck to the ground like a tent. She now begins to perspire freely in the hot air-bath, and the pores of the skin being open and moist, the volatile oil from the burning perfumes is immediately absorbed. By the time the fire is expired the scenting process is completed and both her person and her robes are redolent of incense, with which they are so thoroughly impregnated that I have frequently smelt a party of women strongly at a full hundred yards distance, when the wind has been blowing from their direction. This scent, which is supposed to be very attractive to gentlemen, is composed of ginger, cinnamon, frankincense, myrrh, a specie of seaweed brought from the Red Sea, and lastly the horny disc which covers the aperture when the shell fish withdraws itself within its shell.